Hell. Commend me to your neece.
Pand. I will ſweet Queene. *Sound a retreat?*
Par: Their come from the field: let vs to Priames Hall
To greete the warriers. Sweet *Hellen* I muſt woe you,
To helpe vn-arme our *Hector*: his ſtubborne buckles
With this your white enchaunting fingers toucht;
Shall more obey then to the edge of ſteele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall do more
Then all the Iland Kinges, diſarme great *Hector*.
Hell: Twil make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris!*
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duty,
Giues vs more palme in beauty then we haue.
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Par: Sweet aboue thought I loue her? *Exeunt.*

Enter. Pandarus Troylus, man.

Pand: How now wher's thy maiſter, at my Couſin *Creſſida?*
Man: No ſir ſtayes for you to conduct him thether.
Pand: O heere he comes: how now, how now?
Troy: Sirra walke off.
Pand: Haue you ſeene my Couſine?
Troy: No *Pandarus*, I ſtalke about her dore
Like to a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to theſe fieldes,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propoſ'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandar*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſſid.*
Pand: Walke heere ith'Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.
Troy: I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'ymaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchaunts my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeed
Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fyne,
Too ſubtill, potent, tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſſe
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides

That